

nearest dealer at once. You may have it, thousands have. And remember, this picture only gives a rough idea of what will really take place. This Undergrad will be a strange, unusual, unique and fantastic terpsichorean extravaganza! Disorder in the Court! Hence clothed melancholy! On with the Undergrad!

STUDENT DISCIPLINE

There are three views concerning student discipline: that of the authorities, that of the students, and that of the public. The public's ideas are known to us all only too well—a firm incorrigible belief that Varsity boys are a harum-scarum lot, who must be put down and kept in their place by a penal system of punishment. The public are quite content that they are right and always will be. The faculty are almost as firmly convinced that their system is at least as good as any that can be obtained considering the circumstances, while we, knowing both are wrong, are merely waiting to be called on to set matters right. Undoubtedly our time will come in another twenty or thirty years.

An examination of the many rules which preserve our well-being and the hurdling of which build strong characters accustomed to overcoming difficulties, shows clearly how the authorities think we should be governed. Perhaps they are right, for youth must be tolerant. University changes so many of our ideas and teaches us that so often right is not right and wrong is not wrong that we must admit that educators after a long period of experience and study may after all be closer to the truth than we are. A university has ceased merely to exist in a selective field, it has become democratic and must educate and train more than the best intellects; many average and even mediocre students can not be refused admission, and the authorities have a duty to perform to the majority as well as to the brilliant minority. Rules at the University have been fashioned for the majority, not for you or I, but for the student at large. This fact must be remembered in judging any regulation—it is intended for the average student and cannot be judged by its application to the exceptional person—underlying all these rules is the maxim the greatest good for the greatest number.

One purpose of the rules is to build our characters. If we observe their spirit in the academic field we cannot help but improve ourselves, and it is this that is the primary object. We say it is the spirit and not the letter of the rule that is important, despite the impression given by one of the University administrators in his speech at the Freshman smoker early in the previous term. It is not a blind observance of the rules because they are rules that is wanted, but an understanding of them and the purpose they wish to accomplish. We believe some of the authorities have in the past placed too much emphasis on the letter of the record and not judged the case on its own individual merits.

The attitude of the students, however, is what we are primarily interested in and what they feel is the purpose and the results of some of the University regulations.

Liquor in Residence

This is one of the latest regulations that has been passed—an absolute prohibition of having any intoxicant in Residence. We say nothing of the system by which this ruling is enforced, for it is undoubtedly as good as any that might be devised. Editorials have been written before on whether it is properly a question for the University, its moral significance and its educational value, but we are concerned with none of these. It is one of those rules that may be observed to the letter but never in the spirit, and we do not believe that the University authorities are laboring under the profound misapprehension that they have decreased drinking among students. The rule was motivated, we believe, entirely by public policy, and we cannot see that it usefully serves any other purpose. In fact, now that a student cannot keep liquor in his room and learn how to drink it properly, he is forced to go overtown, where he tends to drink in a hurry, and the result may be most lamentable.

Initiation

Initiation has been abolished, and will never be resurrected. The bulk of the students we consider to be quite indifferent to its abolition. They were never very concerned with it, and the general feeling was that initiation was anachronistic, and although it might purge a few students of some of their objectionable features, yet for the majority it was merely an unpleasant experience serving no useful end.

"No Smoking Allowed in the Halls"

We are told the reason for this ruling is that it is thought it is not fitting that students should be allowed to smoke in an administrative building. We suppose it can be put down to a question of taste. The ruling in our eyes certainly lacks usefulness, and the irritation it has caused is unjustifiable from the viewpoint of the primary purposes of student discipline.

Physical Training

Quoting from the calendar: "The aim of the department is to contribute to the health of the student body by encouraging participation in all forms of athletic games, and by conducting classes in physical training suited to the needs of the various groups of students." Pure, unadulterated gook. Let us see how they contribute to the health of the student body and keep them physically fit so they can pursue their studies mens sana in corpore

sano. They grant exemption to married persons, to any person over 25, those who have a normal school certificate for physical education, and to cap the whole thing, those students who join the C.O.T.C. It is interesting to see the authorities' reaction to the athletic teams. No exemption for playing on the rugby team is allowed, for this doesn't lead to the health of the student—no, quite the reverse. Would any person seriously suggest that machine-gun drill in the C.O.T.C. or blowing a bugle in the C.O.T.C. band would give a person a healthy body? The authorities do, or else they have not considered the question for a long, long time. We would suggest that they at least revise their calendar and be honest with their public. If their aim is what is suggested, then escape from P.T. should certainly not be obtained by their exemptions, and especially membership in the C.O.T.C. band. Is it too much to ask for at least plausible reasons for a ruling such as the P.T. one?

An incident that occurred in a P.T. class recently, if not instructive, is at least amusing. One member of the class deciding he didn't wish to go to P.T., asked his friends to answer for him. The fraud was discovered, and the guilty one was fined \$2 and forced to write a letter of apology. We say nothing of the \$2 fine, for P.T. in our opinion is such a silly thing that heavy fines must be exacted or everybody would absent themselves; but a letter of apology! It is appalling to think that such a primitive mind could exist on a University staff.

Sunday Observance

The rules requiring the outward manifestations of Christianity come to a sudden end at 12 o'clock noon, and as most students take advantage of their one free morning in the week to sleep, we do not think these rules inconvenience many. Hockey or tennis Sunday morning is not allowed, and this seems to be the sum total of the prohibitions. Perhaps these things do help raise the grant from the Legislature.

Parties Overtown

All parties, dances or any University function must be held on University territory. The purpose of this ruling may be either internal or external policy; it is impossible to say. Two places are open for parties whether they be parties open to all students or just faculty or club dances—Athabasca Hall and St. Joseph's are the spots. Neither of these places are of the best to hold small parties, so if the rule was observed strictly club parties would be practically out of the question. This, however, has become another case of the rule being observed to the letter, but not in the spirit. We can hardly expect University students to stop going to overtown parties.

Rules About Probation, Attendance, Pembina, etc.

Behind all these rules lies some principle of education, and we do not feel competent to call them good or bad at the moment.

We have dealt only with the rules that are embodied in definite rulings; there are others more in the nature of understanding. To the latter there seem to be very few objections, and the student, although he knows he must obey them, is not met at every turn by a notice or sign calling them to his attention. This, in our opinion, is a much better way of handling student discipline than in enacting masses of written rules, to find which we are referred to page such and such in the calendar.

The worst feature of many of these rules is that there isn't any hope of them ever being followed. Student activities are but plunged underground, and the authorities if they wish to know what the students are doing, must ferret. A very unfortunate position for any person to occupy. Again, this publicly-dictated maternalism cannot but tend to destroy student initiative and place a premium on being a book-worm. True, they are not aimed, with one possible exception, at the intellectual freedom of the students, but they cannot help but react in this field. They will undoubtedly in time enervate student life, for a university is certainly more than a matter of attending classes.

The majority of these rulings have been put in force in recent times. The students wake up to find there is another rule governing them. They are not given any reasons why these rules are enforced, nor is it at all apparent why some of them should be. Criticisms are made of them, but they all go unanswered.

Professor, How Could You?

Dr. Green—For the next examination you will be responsible for the human neck. I want you to do some outside work on this.

Harry Lister wants to know if he can write off French A this year. He says he has been taking extramural courses from Dr. Sonet for the past five years while sweeping the corridors, and thinks he knows it pretty well.



Soccer Sinks Slowly Into Co-Ed Science Students Cerebrums

The co-eds have finally crashed into athletics in a big way. Fancy a Science co-ed soccer team! Picture a co-ed in cleated boots, shinpads and the rest of soccer paraphernalia kicking a muddy ball through a slushy field! One look at a girl playing soccer would ruin her life socially.

Credit must be given to our fair co-eds for their enterprising spirit. This attempt to threaten men's supremacy on the soccer field is almost as ludicrous as watching men knitting socks. But men are ever disappointed. The plans must have gone astray—no co-eds turned up (and the many men ogled left with deep regret). Apparently the co-ed with the beautiful voice who sweetly asked to have the co-ed soccer notice inserted (over the telephone) gave us a "bum steer," and as a result we have lost all our former implicit trust in the females.—Manitoban.

Have You Ever Noticed?

When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it is just firmness?

When the other fellow doesn't like your friends, he's prejudiced; when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature?

When the other fellow tries to treat someone especially well, he's toadying; when you try the same game, you are using tact?

When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's cranky; when you do, you are discriminating?

When the other fellows says what he thinks, he's spiteful; when you do, you are frank?—The Chaser.

Husbands

Husbands are what women marry. They have two hands and two wives, but never more than one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material, only some come in nicer wrappings.

Men are divided into three classes: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is the most difficult art in the world; it requires patience, skill, faith, hope and (in particular) charity, because

If you flatter a man it makes him unbearable; if you don't you bore him to death.

If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you agree with him, you fail to interest him; if you argue with him, you fail to charm him. If you believe him, he thinks you are a sucker; if you don't believe him he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear bright colours and jewels he thinks you are a hussy and won't go out with you. If you wear gray and black he goes out with you, and stares at a hussy in red.

If you join him in his parties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil; if you disapprove of his parties and urge him to give up his drinking, he vows you are driving him to the devil. If you are popular he is jealous, if you aren't he hesitates to go against public opinion.

If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

DARN ALL MEN!! I wish I had one.

Hysterical Hatty. —Varsity.

Some women are not as fresh as they are painted, and some are more so.—Manitoban.

Fate

What lovely things
The Freshettes are,
They have the Sophs
Outclassed by far.

They look on you
With radiant eyes—
If you're a Frosh
That light soon dies.

There are several ways to cure insomnia, so the M.D.'s tell us, but they never mention Economics!

She was plump and she was soulful
Sought by many a man, and how!
Yet she was no handsome maiden,
She was just a Jersey cow.
—U. of W. Ont. Gazette.

Proverbs

(We maxim; you reads 'em.)
Look before you lip.
A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

It is a long worm that has no turning.
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
(The refectory must be overstaffed.)
Don't burn your britches behind you.
He who laughs last laughs best—but soon gets a reputation for being dumb.
—Silhouette.



ADVICE TO THE GATEWAY

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir—It behooves The Gateway to take no sides on any prominent issue. Were it to swing open for just once and allowed its readers to peer into the land of soap-boxes, froth and quibble, it would undoubtedly be slammed, barred and bolted by the iron-clad lock of authority. Nevertheless, the spiteful and unjust edict which the Board of Governors have seen fit to impose virtually denying the electors of the province and of Canada the services of those who have attained a degree of excellence in their chosen

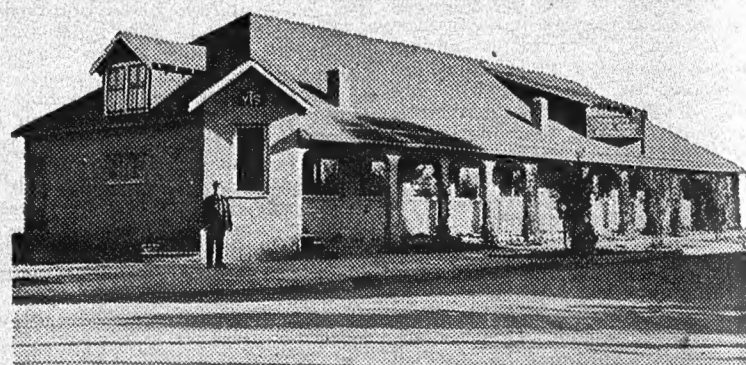
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VETERAN

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fields, excites a sympathetic squeak as the old gate attempts to swing on its rusty hinges. We ask ourselves why must the chief result of a university training be a deep disgust with the whole system of government and education? Events of the past four years have been very enlightening. The word "liberty" has as much meaning on this campus as has the word "freedom." Students pay lip service to both. They wouldn't recognize either if it were smeared in their faces. Professors, too, must be made mental pygmies—they must not be partisans—they must excommunicate their convictions—they must be political mug-wumps. If this is a sample of a liberal education in a modern world, we had better give the country back to the Indians.

The saddest part of the entire situation is that there is no one at the top to look to for guidance. President Wallace is more to be pitied than censured... a man walking a tight-rope with a bucket filled with "facts as they are" on one shoulder... and a cup of "things as they should be" on the other, has all he can do to look straight ahead. It is one of the handicaps of a state university that every taxpayer, no matter how ill-informed, demands a voice in the administration of the university. The President repudiates emphatically any suggestion that his conduct was in any way influenced by a scientific calculation of political pressures. Presumably he speaks also for his colleagues. Man! and Superman! Mencken said that alcohol is the surest escape from life... we have been denied the "surest escape." The only thing left to do is to hold our noses and run—the stench is beginning to make our eyes water. Confronted with such a spectacle of undemocratic, black-listing, anti-liberalism, The Gateway should make its protest—to hold fast to its few rulings of self-respect... and to attempt to shut out the pungent odor of stupidity and decay.

Yours dispiritedly,
WANGO-WANGO.

You don't have to be a Poet!

There once was a wise man who wrote
"When I sang I would bray like a goat
Till I found with delight
That a Buckingham's right"

YOU FILL IN THE LAST LINE!

For the best last line for the above Limerick received at the address below, on or before January 28th, the makers of Buckingham Cigarettes will award a tin of 100 Buckinghams free.

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PHILOSOPH MEETING

(Continued from Page One)

He discussed the points for and against liberty, and took Dr. Wallace to task for his educated and dispassionate scientific reasoning, saying that it was too far above the practical things man wanted today. He also disagreed with Dr. Wallace's interpretation of liberty, and pointed out that man's sole function was not that of a thinker or a debater, so he absolved himself from the category as a thinker. He also lamented the fact that Section 98 of the Criminal Code had not been mentioned.

In his reply to this "sentimental, imaginative, romantic highlander," Dr. Wallace said that the scientist's attitude was the only one free from prejudice and emotion.

The second speaker was Dr. Owen, who referred to the two divisions of liberty. Assuming that an individual was making a speech advocating the overthrow of the government, should he be given his liberty?

Dr. Wallace replied that when it comes to a practical method, be dispassionate and unbiased, and see where the liberty of action may offend the liberty of others too greatly, and then take the necessary steps. He pointed

out that the range of liberty differed with peoples, as in England a radical might let off steam by advocating an overthrow, but intervention came before the actual action on the matter. It differs slightly in Canada, where action is taken slightly ahead of the actual speech-making.

A third speaker rose and advocated letting who can, govern, but he said that the University must leave its academic attitude and come down into the market place and give the students direction in governing.

Dr. Wallace said that the University was willing to give this instruction. He told of his wish to be able to learn the Russian language and really live in the land to find true facts. Information about Russia should come as well from outside the political field where it might be prejudiced.

David Ross, the fourth speaker, asked whether liberty in itself was an indication of a good state of life, and whether liberty might not be an end in itself rather than just a means.

In reply to this, Dr. Wallace said that in dealing with liberty one deals with particular conditions, and the liberty of one affects the liberty of the whole composite group. He said that when a man takes active participation in politics he affects himself, others in the community and those in the organization to which he belongs. In taking a responsible position he has affected the public service he could render to the University, which heretofore had been almost the only place not rent by party feelings and political bias. A man may always express his point of view in public, but if he becomes so tied to a banner that he must stick to it through the melee of an election, it is inevitable that he take his organization down with him. The service expected of this University can come, not through active political participation, but through freedom from party feeling and organized propaganda.

He said that the ruling of the Board of Governors might affect one toward whom he had always felt the highest personal regard, and he felt hurt that the charge had been made that the intervention had been caused by the nature of the political party. When dealing with the matter he had tried to avoid any partisanship.

When Dr. Wallace sat down amid great applause, Mr. J. T. Jones rose and gave another view of the question. He asked if Dr. Wallace's attitude was not like that of many old-fashioned persons, thinking that anyone in politics was doing a dirty deed. He queried whether partisanship need always be considered prejudiced. An individual is bound to choose one or other of the parties if they stand for anything at

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THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE—Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Jan. 23, 24, 25: Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers in "Romance in Manhattan."
EMPRESS THEATRE—Thurs., Friday, Sat., Jan. 24, 25, 26: Sally Blane in "Silver Streak" and Frank Morgan in "By Your Leave."
PRINCESS THEATRE—Wed., Thurs., Friday, Jan. 23, 24, 25: W. C. Fields in "Old Fashioned Way" and Gertrude Michael in "Notorious Sophie Lang."
RIALTO THEATRE—Today till Tuesday: "Flirting with Danger," with Robert Armstrong and William Cagney; also Galsworthy's greatest play, "Loyalties."

REFRIGERATED BRAINS

It seems that our overtown friends are getting worried about the hatless Eds who dash around the city trying to look collegiate and keep their ears warm at the same time. In fact, there have even been phone calls about it. Apparently trying to look educated is just as difficult as trying to be educated.

Somehow or other this higher learning and all the nobility and what-not it brings, is beginning to pall. W. L. Mencken gives a definition of a Believer—as one who has great faith in the improbable. It might just as well be of an Art student. It seems a little pathetic that we all so earnestly strive after knowledge—not because we want it specially, but because a B.A. is held before our nose like a carrot (which is admitting that we are donkeys), and we pant through four years of baffling courses before we get it. By that time, of course, it's a bit withered and uninteresting—but still it's a B.A.

But we continue our happy way with a some-day-something-nice-is-going-to-happen expression. And for once we are quite right. Julian Huxley will lecture here soon. The seemingly improbable will happen.

"DANTE VIVO"

By J. Fisher

Not many years ago it was possible to descend upon the Italian section of the University Library, carry it away for the evening under one's arm, and later receive a card from the Librarian requesting its overdue return. It consisted of a few books resigned like the good old maids they were to the shelf, on which, reclining not in plenty but in peace, they seemed to invite the companionship of a book on lap-dogs. Blushing unseen and wasting their sweetness on the desert air as far as decolorization and deodorization permitted, they were ornamental, but

all, and the decision was absolutely in disregard of the two basis of democratic government, that all people of a certain age be allowed to express their opinion, and that the people choose governors. He declared that it should be made a criminal offence for any part of the people to say to the other part whether they can or cannot take part in politics.

BILGE

Bilge notices with pain that a gentleman with a nice fastidiousness in language objects to the unpromising title of this unambitious little column. How injured he must have felt when it was originally suggested that the column be entitled "Bilgewater" we can only conjecture. That his sense of propriety has been harshly insulted we are deeply grieved, but our only reply is a shrug of the shoulders. We cannot help it: if the offended reader had taken the trouble (which it is only too painfully obvious he did not) to peruse the fuliginous lucubrations which were found below the offensive title, he might have discovered with some astonishment, and yet satisfaction, why the column must forever retain its name, hateful though it be. If there is any other equally disagreeable, or nauseous word, which our critic would like to offer by way of substitution, we earnestly desire him to do so, with the full conviction, however, that he will find no word more apt.

Bilge, in taking upon itself the rôle of Censor Mundi, our opponent may not know, has not excused even itself for occasional lapses. Having discovered with amazement that "this thing called liberty" still exists, though with an intriguing little set of checks and balances, ever so dexterously applied, we are determined to exercise it before it is too late. Bilge therefore replies to its critics informal fashion that the title stands and that the show must go on.

COMING UP

Friday—
4:30—Mining and Geology Club.
4:30—Mr. Caldwell speaking to Political Science Club.
Radio debate over CKUA.
Saturday—
8:15—House Dance.
Sunday—
Musical Club meeting.
Monday—
4:30—Ag Club meeting.
6:45—Pharmacy Club meeting.
And the Undergrad next Saturday.
Book your dances early.

Tivoli

Regular Dance
Saturday

Mel Hammill's Orchestra

Men 50c, Ladies 25c

Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

By J. W. C.

The two obstetricians—"We Deliver"—in Tuesday's edition seem quite perturbed over campus restlessness, and they find this a symptom of something organically wrong with higher education. "Alarms and excursions without" and all that sort of business they regard with regret. Rather for them a state of academic inertia, a state of static calm that is less jarring on the nerves. That is a very fine idea, and the only catch is that when a social, like a physiological, organism ceases to change, to be stirred up by this and that, when it relapses into a dormant state of immutability, all growth and development cease.

Once a magazine printed the story of a very young and very smug little college, which was rather shy on traditions. So eventually a notice appeared in appropriate places to the effect that "after the end of the present month it will be a tradition for all freshmen to cross the campus on the run. Signed, President Blossch." The University of Alberta is not yet among the more hoary institutions of alleged culture, but already busy efforts are being made to kill off what traditions there are. Despite an editorial of a week ago, no longer is the lineup and march past of co-eds from Athabasca to Pembina at meal times a thing of beauty and a joy forever. But that was born out of Expediency by Proximity, and its demise, though regrettable, was natural.

But another tradition is being slowly throttled. Already it has disappeared from the Tuesday edition of this organ. You guessed it—Casserole. True, its jokes were old, almost senescent, but that is all in its favor. People always have laughed at those jokes and probably always will. This column has a history that goes back for at least half the duration of the University. At one time it was vitalized by rivalry with another column, "The Better Ole," defunct these many years. Surely the Casserole will not perish without a struggle.

One of the favorite indoor tasks of logicians or something is to classify mankind into two divisions; thus we have male and female, cleric and layman, bourgeois and proletariat, Greek and barbarian. Add: Those with simple names like Jones and Fraser, and those whose names are habitually misspelled. For a quarter of a century I have meekly and humbly borne the discomfort of seeing my eight-letter, two syllable name twisted, tortured, racked and distorted, and if this goes on for another score of years or so, some day I am going to shoot me a proofreader or two. Any jury of my peers, meaning people who have undergone the same embarrassment, will surely bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide. Were I, like Dante and Milton, to block out a plan of hell, in the lowest tier would be a row of cells reserved for the diabolic, sadistic reprobates who habitually mutilate my cognomen. And on each door, in fiery letters, would be their own names, misspelled.

Mark Twain Medal Awarded Leacock
Montreal, Dec. 10.—In recognition of his contributions to humour and biography, Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, has been awarded the Mark Twain medal, given by the International Mark Twain Society, according to an announcement here today. Next year Professor Leacock will be speaker of honour at the University of Missouri at the Mark Twain centenary.—Varsity.

Pat handed Mike his watch for repairs. The latter found a dead fly in it. When he handed it back, Pat asked what was wrong with it. "Oh! the engineer was dead," said he.

THE CALICO CAT

Paging Mr. Winchell! What with Lois Whitby and Parker Kent Blessed-eventing it all over the place in the Tuesday edition, it would seem that almost anything might happen—and it's my personal belief that something drastic is absolutely certain to occur.

Note on the sophistication of modern youth. Alas and alack for the good old days when children were sweet little things believing implicitly in "Mamma" and "Pappa!" The "New Yorker" reports the sad plight of a dear, aristocratic old lady, taking her daily stroll through Central Park. Suddenly she stopped, overwhelmed by a sweet nostalgia, for there in front of her, playing on the mall, was a group of little girls enjoying a game she had played when she was young. They were bouncing their balls and swinging one leg over to the familiar strain of "One, two, three a-lairy—I spy Mrs. Sairy—sitting on a humble—sairy—one, two, three, a-lairy." Thrilled reminiscent, our old lady trotted up to them, fully intending to give them a dime for candy. It was after getting close enough to make out what they were saying, or rather chanting, to the favorite pastime of her youth, that a look of horror crossed her face, and nostalgic no longer she pocketed her dime and hurried off. What the darling little innocents had been crooning was simply, "Sally Rand has lost her fan—give it back, you NASTY man."

UNDERGRAD TICKET SALE

The management of the Undergrad Dance announces that tickets will be on sale at the following dates:

Monday a.m.—Law Students, Faculty, Graduates.
Monday p.m.—Seniors.
Tuesday a.m.—Juniors.
Tuesday p.m.—Sophomores.
Wednesday a.m.—Freshmen.

"Tell your fortune, sir?"

"How much?"

"A quarter."

"Quite right."

How unfortunate!

—U. of W. Ont. Gazette.

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CHEM CLUB NOTICE

Speaker—Mr. L. Landucci.
Subject—"The Manufacture of Phosphate Fertilizer."
Time—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 4:30.
Place—M-142. Tea in M-136.
Plans for the annual banquet will be made.

NOTICE

IF YOU PLEASE:
Will all Arts and Science students kindly get their copies of The Gateway from the Arts Building and leave those placed in the Med for Meds and Dents. Thanking you.
GATEWAY CIRCULATION.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 21st MAY 1870.



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SO & SO'S
AND
ALL THE
LITTLE
SO & SO'S

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Thrill at the
UNDERGRAD

CAN BE
PURCHASED
AT THE 'BAY'

GOLDEN BEARS TRAVEL SOUTH NEXT WEEK

Golden Bears to Play In Calgary Next Week

Team Strongest in Years—To Play Two Games Against Each of Calgary's Two Teams—Leave Tuesday

Next Tuesday morning when Coach Doug McIntyre's Senior Basketball team boards the train for Calgary they will take with them all the best wishes of the whole student body, and it is to be hoped that they will show the southerners how the game should be played. On this trip they will meet both the Calgary teams entered in the league, and will play four games straight, and then will return and be "at home" to receive the southern teams, before they journey south again to meet Lethbridge and Raymond.

The Golden Bears have been training hard and working out a great number of new plays under the guidance of their ingenious coach. Although the team has not yet been definitely chosen, we know that as strong an aggregation will invade the south as has been seen for two or three years. As far as the players are concerned,

however, we know that Doug McIntyre, playing coach of the Bears, and Hal Richard, veteran of many battles, will hold down the guard positions, and with these two men holding down the Varsity citadel it will be hard for any opposition to get very far. As yet Alberta has not seen McIntyre in action, but fans certainly have a surprise in store for them as far as this man is concerned. He is without doubt the fastest and most slippery playmaker seen in this part of the world for many moons. As to ability, Hal Richard needs no introduction.

In the forward positions we are not sure of who the players will be, but they will include for sure, John Shipley and "Scoring" Jack Lees, both men being well known in Varsity basketball circles, and from the way they have been tossing in baskets recently, will be great scoring threats to any team they may meet.

Best of luck, gang!

CORRECTION

We regret to say a mistake was made in last Tuesday's paper, when Hal Richard was said to be the captain of the Senior Basketball team. The truth of the matter is that there is no captain of the team since it has a playing coach.

BASKETBALL

Friday, Jan. 18, upper gym, Varsity vs. Y Redskins, 7:30 p.m. Admission, 10 cents.

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SPORTING SLANTS

By George Casper

By this time next week it is to be hoped that the Golden Bears will have three victories under their belts and another one coming up a week tonight. Of course, one can never be sure about these things, but we certainly see no reason why the McIntyre hoop machine shouldn't bring home the bacon. We have had no reports as to the southern squads, but we know that they are strong in all quarters, but with the form that our boys have been displaying lately, they should go quite a distance against any opposition.

It looked last night, for all but the last eight minutes, like Varsity was going to avenge herself, but then in the dying minutes the green and gold squad fell to pieces and let the Soops overcome Varsity's lead, and in the short time pile up a considerable margin. Although Varsity was definitely out of the running even before last night's game, it would have been a treat to see our boys give the Soops at least one good trouncing this winter, just for old times sake.

If hockey fans wished for action they should have been at Varsity rink last night and witnessed the battle between the Co-eds and The Gateway Grizzlies. It was a close game from start to finish, because every time a grizzlie scored, "little Audrey" Wilson evened things up. However, The Gateway expects to tangle with the professors next Thursday, and it might be noted that the Co-eds deserve some support tonight when they meet the Muttarts in their first real game of the season. Let's all go and give the ladies a hand!

SWIMMING CLUB PLANS MEET FEB. 16

The Varsity Swimming Club will hold its annual interfaculty meet on Feb. 16 at the Y.W.C.A. All ocean-going members are asked to turn out in force on their respective evenings in order to shape up for the final day. Competition will be keen, and only the truly seaworthy can hope to survive.

The Club also desires to remind all and sundry that this meet will be the meet. If you are at all interested in swimming, or if you have friends or relatives who are interested in swimming, or even if you don't know a breast-stroke from a sun-stroke, by all means turn out on the 16th. Varsity has a surprising number of fast, efficient swimmers, and they'll be out in force on the big day. Come and cheer your faculty to victory or a watery grave.

RETIRING SOUL DISCOVERS INTERFAC. BASKETBALL

Last Thursday night we both donned our best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and slicked our hair down with some of the corridor's axel grease, and decided we would "twitter," and left the building in the best of spirits, but when we got in front of Athabasca we decided maybe it would be better if we phoned first, so we went into Athabasca to use the phone. As usual the line was busy, and so while we were waiting we strolled out into the rotunda, where all of a sudden we were mobbed. Being of a very retiring nature, I managed to get away, but they got my pal and dragged him down to the lower gym. I followed at some distance hoping that sooner or later I would muster up my courage and be able to rescue my bosom companion, but before I was able to do anything they had disrobed my friend and arrayed him in suits similar to those that they were wearing, and then turning him loose chased him up to the upper gym, where there were more monsters playing with a big ball, which they were striving to get into a big ring up on the wall. After many threats they got my pal to play too, and then they chose sides, all those in one kind of suit against those of the other kind of suit. Then somebody blew a whistle and the contest was on. I hid up in the gallery and watched. Soon some other people came up there, and I sat down beside them. I soon realized that the game was between the Aggies and the Science, and thus it was that we discovered, as I learned the name later of interfac basketball. The Aggies won that night, beating the Science 35-25, in what the other spectators termed a rip-snorting exhibition.

The next day I learned that they have these games every other night, so that's where I've been going instead of taking some girl or other to Tuck—it's good entertainment when you learn what they are trying to do, and it certainly doesn't cost you any money. On Tuesday night I went up, and again the Aggies won, beating the Arts 50-13; all the Arts students seemed awfully sleepy, but the out-of-door boys were right on their toes, as one will see from the score. Last the farmers hung up their third victory in a row when they whipped the Commerce team in a fast and furious battle, that had me jumping up and down for joy every time my pal tossed the ball through the hoop. I am getting so enthused over the game I think I will go to all the rest of the games, and hope I can tell you all about it sometime.

MED CLUB MEETING

The University Medical Club is holding its regular monthly meeting on Sunday at 3:30 in Convocation Hall, when Mr. J. N. Eagleson will deliver a paper entitled "The Precursors of the Piano." Mrs. Eagleson will play Mozart's Piano Concerto in D major, commonly known as the "Coronation Concerto." Mr. Eagleson will play the orchestral accompaniment arranged for the organ. The artists are directors of music for Edmonton Public Schools, and are well known in musical circles. The Musical Club, anticipating a greater student interest in the above program, is throwing the meeting open to non-members, and any one wishing to attend is invited to be present.

INTERFAC BASKETBALL LEAGUE UNDER WAY

Up to date a total of six games have been played in interfaculty basketball. The plan is to have each team play eight games and then the two leading teams to play a series of three games in the playoff.

The five teams are Meds, Ags, Science, Arts-Pharm-Law, Commerce. The Meds and Aggies have been piling up terrific scores against other opposition. This is largely due to the fact that the Meds and Ags are well organized and are taking a lively interest in the schedule. The other teams are not well organized nor well supported by their faculties, and are trying to make an uphill fight, which at present seems impossible.

Unless a better showing is made, Arts-Pharm-Law and Commerce will have to be grouped in one team. Any students from these faculties that are interested in basketball are asked to lend their support to their faculty and turn out for the games, which are played in the upper gym, Athabasca Hall, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. and 9:45 p.m.

Due to the fact that there is little time for training and practising, it is necessary to get players who know the essentials of the game. Watch the bulletin boards in the Arts Building and in the Med Building for schedule of games.

The schedule will finish on or about the 7th of February, and the playoffs will be played on the 12th and 14th, and, if necessary, on the 19th.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

(Continued from Page One)

what Mr. McDermid had done to Council.

"I now call upon the inevitable Mr. Borgal to elaborate once again on blazers," Bierwagen said impressively. Borgal rose, knocking over the chestfield and a couple of tables.

"Well, I—er—ah—I have a bunch of—er—blazers here," he said. "If—er—someone'll put them on—er—one at a time of course—er—I'll show how they work." He went on to say that he'd taken a special course in the subject over the holidays, and Council could depend on what he would say. Larry Bergman shyly got into one that fitted him about as well as would Carnera's nightdress. He pirouetted until the thing got wound about his legs, whereat he toppled and had to be unrolled down the corridor.

Borgal then explained that this blazer had been made by a tent and awning company which had seemingly not been very clear on the subject of blazers, but was determined that when it did anything, it would do it in a big way.

Borgal then got Bergman to back successfully into one-piece backs and two-piece backs until Council saw the advisability of standing back to back in back the one-piece backs. McCormick came in with his skates over his arm. He'd got them for Christmas, he said proudly. They had excited the envy of everyone at the rink from which he had just come, and he said he had been able to take the best figure skater home, which was even more than he'd figured on.

Burns tenderly helped Marg Smith into a blazer, and spent some time in studying its texture and fit. Borgal donned a striped one and looked very well in it. He got everyone to put one on and line up against the wall to compare them, which everyone did, but soon found out that they couldn't get anywhere that way, being only able to see the person next to them.

Borgal said the seven dollar kind was the only one which would stand up, in his opinion, but when Burns put it on the floor it collapsed, so Borgal's veracity was impaired, in the eyes of Council. McCormick and Miss Cogswell laughingly helped each other into a blazer (one each of course), and stood in rapt mutual admiration.

After a lot more fun, Council decided on the cut, three pockets, gold cord trimmings and flannel cloth, and then decided that the advice of all the class executives should be asked before definitely ordering any, and with that the meeting came to an end, and the mice sighed a sigh of relief.

Varsity Takes it on Chin As Packers Win 4-2

DUNLOP ASSISTS IN BOTH OF VARSITY'S TWO GOALS

Adding insult to injury, the Soops emerged victorious over the Varsity puckchasers last night at the Arena. The green and gold squad had the upper hand until eight minutes to go, when Jim Anderson equalized the count at 2-2. Then the packers slid in a couple more when Varsity, throwing caution to the winds, played all men up.

The opening counter was chalked up by Varsity in the first play of the game, when Jack Dunlop slithered the disc over to Ferguson who, shooting between Fat Faulder's legs, took Stuart completely by surprise. A minute later Varsity went through again, and Ferguson packed a shot so fast that the puck went in and out again that the goal judge didn't see it. Play went on, and although Varsity protested the goal was disallowed.

In the second canto the Soops scored an equalizer from a scramble in front of the goal, which didn't give Maybank a chance. Play for the rest of the period was pretty even, and nothing exceptional was witnessed by any of the six fans present.

Teams went into the third, deadlock-

ed 1-1, but soon Dunlop passed in from the side over to Woywitka, who slapped it home to put Varsity again in the lead. When it was all but over Anderson broke away, and getting a pass, beat Maybank with a low drive, which was hard to see. Brown soon raised the Soops' ante to three, and then Grove got the final Superior count when he only had Maybank to beat.

Varsity has one more game to play in this league against the Dominions next Tuesday. Let's all support the boys in their last effort.

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